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TREASURED MEMORIES

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY THEIR FRIEND MARGARETTE.

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TREASURED MEMORIES.

My Little Friends,

Are you fond of stories?

I have been thinking for a long time of telling you some, for I remember when I was a very little child how happy I was when I could put my little chair close to my own dear mother's, and listen to them from her lips.

Those were happy days, when I could scarce contain myself for joy: but many a long and weary hour has passed since, and now I feel, at times, as if it were all a dream, and as if I had never known a mother.

Sometimes I shut my eyes, and try to remember how she looked and how her

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voice sounded; and then it seems as if I could see her just as she was when I was a child. Sometimes she smiles upon me, as she used to do, when my brother John kneeled with me at her knee, to say our evening prayers.

At other times, I remember her face, as it looked when she was pale and sorrowful, and her mild blue eyes are full of tenderness, and sometimes overflowing with tears. This was as she used to be, when she was telling us what poor little, helpless, and sinful children we were, and how much we needed the grace of the Lord Jesus, who shed his blood for us.

And then again I listen for the soft music of her voice, till I fancy I hear her sing once more her favourite hymn, and mine, which begins thus :—

> "Jerusalem, my happy home,
> O, how I long for thee!"

I thought her the dearest woman in the world, and the sweetest singer, and never dreamed that any other children had half so kind a mother as ours.

But I suppose that all little girls and boys, who love their mothers, think of them just as I did of mine; and if they do, I hope they will not do as I sometimes did; for I must confess that I was a selfish child, and though my mother was ever kind to me, I often wished to follow my own will rather than obey her. But this was very sinful, and God who sees all our acts, hears all our words, and reads our most secret thoughts, has made me suffer for my disobedience. Very little children can do many things to assist their parents and make them happy, if they are so disposed. When their fathers come home weary with the labours of the day, they can at least be quiet and orderly, and when their mothers are troubled and full of care, they should try to think of something they may do to help them, instead of selfishly teasing for this, and for that, and the other thing, which they can well do without. I hope you will remember this, and, above all things in the world, never dare for one moment to think of disobeying them.

I am a grown-up woman now, and I never fear being alone, nor going in the dark, nor upon the sea; and I dearly love to see the lightning, and to hear the thunder; but what I am now going to tell you is true—*I am always afraid of a disobedient child.*

Do you wonder at this? Well then I will try to explain myself.

In the first place we are never truly alone. When there is nobody in the room with us, or even in the whole house, no, not so much as one little fly, to break the stillness which is around us, we are not then alone. No, dear children, God himself is with us; not more in the clear daylight than in the thick darkness; not more on the sea than on the land. The thunder, and the lightning, are his servants, and they never disobey him. They can never harm us without his permission; but a wicked, self-willed child, cares neither for God, nor man; and what length of unkindness or treachery might not I expect from children who dare to disobey their own dear parents?

I hope my little readers are not of their number. But if indeed you are, just think a moment, if you can find any one in the whole world so kind to you as your parents are.

Who would bear with your faults as they do? Who would take such care of you in sickness, as your mother? Day and night she watches over you, and let her be never so tired herself, she seems to forget it, if you need her attention; and no sacrifice of her own rest or comfort is too great for her to make for your relief.

How dare you think of paining her heart by neglect or wilfulness? Can you read the Bible? And do you know whose book it is? It is God's, you say. Yes, it is his own holy word, which he has kindly given, to teach us what we should be, and to show us what we are to do; and there, he has bidden us to honour our father and mother, that our days may be long upon the land which he has given us.

You wish to be happy, I dare say, but just think a moment, can a disobedient

child be happy? No one who knows him, and who loves goodness, can love such a child. All well-meaning persons are displeased with his conduct, and wish to avoid him; for however much they may pity him, and wish to make him better, to love his society is impossible.

Would you like to know that all good people shunned you, and disliked you? No: I dare say it would vex you sadly to be slighted by any one; but if you disobey your parents you richly deserve it. And remember, you have what is more to be dreaded than this, a thousand times,—the anger of God is resting upon you. But as I have promised you a story, I shall say no more upon this subject, but will now proceed, at once, to tell you one

ABOUT MY OWN CHILDHOOD.

When I was a little girl, I lived in a small neat house at the foot of a mountain. We had few neighbours, for it was a rough, wild place, with many rocks

and stones scattered around. But lonely as it was, I was never at a loss for diversion, so long as I could run about and pick the moss and mica off the rocks, or listen to the birds that sang in the woods and hedges, which grew near our house.

It was my home, and I loved it dearly, for my father and mother lived there, and my brothers and sisters likewise. I often used to talk of going to a distant part of the country to see my grandmother. I felt delighted with the idea, and I dare say I have asked my mother fifty questions in a day about her; as, for example, whether she wore caps like old Mrs. Howard, and walked with a stick, or used spectacles, or smoked a pipe, &c., as some old women did, whom I had seen; but though I never was gratified by such a visit, I was on the whole quite contented. Indeed I do not think the visit would have added to my happiness, unless my mother had gone with me.

My father's business usually called him away in the morning before I was up; but I can well remember how plea-

santly we used to breakfast with our good mother, after she had washed us, and returned thanks to our heavenly Father for having preserved us through the night, and for providing for our daily wants.

Sometimes I used to help her clear away the things after breakfast, and as I had a little broom, she would let me sweep the room, and set the chairs in their places; and then, if she had any time to spare, she would walk with me in the woods and let me gather winter-greens, and wild flowers. Sometimes in the season of them, we found nuts and fruits, whortle-berries, and blue-berries, swamp apples, &c.

I was never tired of these rambles, for I was ever finding something that, to me, was new and interesting, and my mother was ready to impart instruction; for she looked upon the face of nature as on a beautiful book, written and pictured, by a God of benevolence and wisdom, for us to study.

There were so many trees, plants, and shrubs, differing from each other in

colour, shape, and size; and so many sweet young flowers with various forms and hues, that I had enough to question her about all the day. Some, she told me, were good to eat, and some were good for medicine, and some were used for other purposes.

There was the sweet fern with its fragrant odour, for cleansing the blood; and the spice bush for fever; crosswort and betony, and many others, whose medicinal properties made her value them; and there were large trees for building, and for fuel; and there was the beautiful wild indigo, with its smooth shining leaves and yellow blossoms, for dyeing.

"Nothing grows," as my dear mother used to say, "not even poison-elder, but for some wise purpose." I used to wonder who had planted so many beautiful things, and made them grow up thus together, and then she would tell me how the great God, who dwelleth in heaven, had made the world, and all things in it; the glorious sun which shines so brightly by day, and the pale, gentle moon, and

every little star that twinkles in the evening sky. "It was He," she said, "who brought the tall forest tree to its goodly height, and the delicate flower to its perfection of beauty. His Power alone caused the fruits to ripen for our nourishment, and bade each healing plant come from the earth." And then she would look earnestly into my face, and say, "My daughter, is not God good to make such a beautiful world for us to live in, and to fill it with such good and pleasant things?"

Then, when I would answer "Yes, mother," she would say, "My child, he has done greater things for us than this." And then she would tell me how he created the earth, in six days, and rested upon the seventh, the blessed Sabbath. How he made Adam and Eve, our first parents, and placed them in the garden of Eden, where there grew every tree that was pleasant to the sight, and good for food. That when He saw that every thing which he had made was good, he gave Adam power over all living things, and told him to eat of every kind of

fruit, save that which grew upon the tree of knowledge. How happy, how beautiful they must then have been! The good and holy God was their Father; they were created in his own image, and were utter strangers to pain and sin. How I wished my mother would take me to see this garden, and how mournfully she answered my entreaties! "Nearly six thousand years have passed away, my child," she continued, "since our first parents were driven from that holy place for disobedience. The serpent tempted Eve our mother, and though God had plainly told her what an awful punishment would follow her disobedience, she chose to take fruit from off the forbidden tree, and eat of it herself, and persuaded her husband to partake of it also. Thus in the self-same hour they became mortal as well as sinful, and exposed themselves and all their posterity to the most dreadful doom."

And then she would tell me how they must have felt, after they had eaten the fruit; how they saw themselves naked,

and were ashamed; and how they tried to hide themselves from God, but could not—for his voice reached their ears, and his eye sought them out amid the thickest trees; how wretched they were when driven forth, and how their eldest born became a murderer; and that we, too, are born in sin, and exposed to death. Receiving a sinful nature from them, all our thoughts naturally tend to evil continually, and that the wrath of God justly rests upon all the guilty world.

And furthermore, she told us how God still loved and pitied them; and although he had driven them from their pleasant home and cursed the ground, for their misdoings, he gave them a promise, that, in his own good time, he would provide a Saviour for them, by whom they, and their descendants, might be restored to God's favour.

Then she would take the New Testament, and read about Jesus of Nazareth, "the Son of God, and the Saviour of men;" how he left heaven to come to earth, to suffer and die for sinners. I cannot tell you all she used to say upon

this subject, for it is one she loved to dwell upon.

But when she told me how he became a babe, and was cradled in a manger, and grew to manhood; obeying his earthly parents, and working daily for his bread, poor and despised, yet doing good to every one around, and at last dying on the cross! I hardly knew how to believe her. Then she would tell me, that it was for my sake, and others like me, that he died so. And when she read how Peter denied, and Judas betrayed him, and I so stoutly maintained that I should never have acted so wickedly, she would tell me, I little knew what a poor little guilty creature I was in the sight of so holy a being.

Sometimes I would get so enraged against the Jews for having crucified the Saviour, that I would interrupt her reading, and then she would remark that my sins, too, had helped to nail him on the cross. But I could not understand her, nor believe that I was myself so wicked as she had represented, and when she told me that my heart must

be changed, or I should perish for ever, and that nothing but the blood of Christ could wash away my sins, I was amazed and angry. I was ignorant and sinful to feel so, and I hope, dear children, that you, by the grace of God, will be made wiser and more humble than I was. And now I will tell you

ABOUT OUR SABBATH WALK.

It was a chilly day. The winds howled mournfully among the trees, and there were dark clouds hanging low in the skies. My parents both looked very sad, and all in the house were silent. We could just hear the bell of a distant church faintly ringing, when my father took down his Bible, to read. "Well," said he, laying the book on the table, "Ahimaaz has learned a lesson, that no living man can know." "What is it, father?" said I. "He has learned how to die, my child, a lesson which we too must soon learn," was the reply.

I cannot tell you how strangely his

words sounded, but they kept ringing in my ears a long while. I had frequently heard death spoken of, as the end of our life in this world, and the beginning of our existence in another; but I had never seen it.

I looked towards my mother, hoping that she would explain what my father had been saying, and seeing that her eyes were filled with tears, I began to weep too from sympathy. She kissed me, and said we should not go to church that morning, and told me to be silent, while my father should read, adding that, in the afternoon, she would take me with her to the funeral. This pleased me much, and I felt impatient for the hour to come.

It seemed a long and weary day, but at length the clock struck three, and we were on our way to Mr. Waddell's.

We had to cross a piece of woods, and as it was early spring, the trees were quite bare; and the fallen and withered leaves crackled with an unpleasant sound under our feet. There were no flowers springing up by our pathway,

nor was the voice of any little birds to be heard among the trees; and the few evergreens which were here and there scattered throughout the woods, had such a dark and gloomy appearance, that I was glad when we had passed through them.

We soon came to the house, and if the woods had seemed gloomy, Mr. Waddell's dwelling was still more so. It was still as night. I remember how very clean the large old kitchen was, and how brightly the fire blazed in the deep chimney. The shovel and tongs, too, I have still in recollection, how large they were, and how straight they stood on each side of the fire-place. There were many things that seemed rather imposing, as I then thought, about the room. The high-backed arm-chairs that were ranged along the wall; the old clock in the corner, with the ruddy face of the moon staring from the top of the plate; and then the heavy looking andirons, with great globes of iron bent over, and hanging down, were all subjects of my childish meditation, and I felt very sad. But when I entered the south

room, and found the looking-glass covered, and the round table standing in the centre, with the Bible and Psalm Book lying upon it, I was still more impressed. Soon the neighbours began to come in, and then the minister came; and we heard sobbing in another room. I almost held my breath with terror, when the family came out, all dressed in black, from the eldest to the youngest. The good old minister arose at length, and began to address them, but I can remember little that he said, save that "Death had again entered their windows; and that Ahimaaz had gone to his long home. Then they sung this hymn:

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.

Great God, is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?

Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly,
Then when we drop our dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

After this, the minister stood up and prayed, and when he had made an end of praying, my mother led me into the front entry; where I saw something lying on the table, perfectly still and covered all over with a black cloth.

My father went up to it and lifted the cloth, and there I saw a beautiful coloured box, which he then opened, and at the same time, the minister invited the friends "to approach and take the last look at the remains." I was very eager to get a sight of its contents, so my dear mother lifted me in her arms, and I looked into it, and there lay Ahimaaz Waddell, who had played with my own brothers ever since I could remember, and who had seemed even as one of us, with his voice full of music, and his heart of happiness, and his young limbs

of life and motion. There he lay, as white as snow, and as silent as if he had been a marble statue.

I only noticed that his lips were parted, and changed in colour, and that he had a cent laid upon each of his eyes. Had it not been for these, I should have thought he was asleep. But when my mother laid my hand upon the face of that pale silent boy, I cannot tell you what a chill crept over me. It was cold as ice, and seemed as smooth and hard as a stone! I felt as if I should never speak again, and choking for breath, I clung around my mother's neck, trembling from head to foot with fear.

Soon after they closed the coffin, we left the house, but I kept looking back, and when I saw them bring out the coffin, and my mother told me that they were about to bury his body in the ground, I wanted to go back and stop them. It was nearly night when we reached home. The winds howled, and I could hear the sharp quick barking of the foxes in the mountain; and it was alto-

gether the most melancholy day I had ever spent in my life.

We had our supper, and my mother took me into her lap, and talked with we about death and eternity. This she had often done before, but now that I had looked upon the face of the dead, I heard her with new interest. She told me that I too must die, and my body must be laid in the grave; and that my bones would return to the dust. But this she said need not trouble us, for notwithstanding we do die, and our bodies become as the dust, they will afterwards be raised from the grave, clothed with life and immortality; and that all who in this life truly love and serve God, will go, when they die, to be with him for ever in heaven.

I asked her how we could go to heaven and be happy, when our bodies were buried here in the grave?

She replied, "Our bodies are only a part of us. They are only houses for our souls to dwell in, while God sees fit to let them stay in the world; and when he sees fit to take our souls to another

world, he leaves the earthly house, which is the body, to return to the dust from which it had been taken." Then I asked what the soul was, and she told me, that it is the part that thinks and feels, the part that is glad and sorry.

This all seemed strange and wonderful, but what seemed most wonderful was, that our bodies should be buried, and return to dust, and yet be raised again from the grave. I said so, and she bade me look at the trees as they then stood, brown, bare, and leafless, and then she said, do we not know that in a few weeks they will be covered with green leaves, and beautiful blossoms; and that when we gaze upon their bursting buds and vigorous sprouts, we may see that the same God who clothes the forest tree with life and beauty, can, in his own good time, bring back Ahimaaz from the grave and renew his youth, and make him immortal?

This gave me some little comfort, but I was still greatly troubled, and told my mother that I never meant to go to sleep again, for fear I should die in my bed.

This she said was foolish, and sinful; and that she could not feel too thankful for the hope, that her poor body, so often worn with toil, and afflicted by sickness and pain, would ere long be laid down to its rest. I thought that she talked very strangely, and I could hardly believe she was sincere, when she called the grave "a sweet resting-place," but I knew she never had deceived me; and she bade me remember that our blessed Lord and Saviour had once lain in the grave, and had risen from thence in glory. And then she added, that the grave had no terrors for the friends and followers of Christ, and that it was her daily prayer, that God would

> "Teach *me* to live that I might dread
> The grave as little as my bed."

It seemed as if this might never be; for I thought that death was so terrible a thing, that nothing could ever rid me of the fears of it,—much less make me look upon it as a resting-place.

I said so, and then my mother bade me think of poor old Mrs. Kames, who

was so old that she could neither feed herself, nor put on her clothes, and who was so blind and deaf that she could not see her dearest friend, nor scarcely hear the voice of any one. And then she asked me if I would wish to live to be so old and helpless as she was. But I could not think that my eyes would ever be so sunken and sightless, or that my hands could shake so, or that my face could be filled with such deep and ugly wrinkles.

I went to bed in a wakeful mood, and when the light was put out, let me turn which way I would, Ahimaaz,—with the same cold, snowy cheeks and livid-blue lips,—was still, as I fancied, lying shrouded and motionless before me.

It was but for a little while. I soon fell asleep, and in the morning I was as happy and gay as a lark, and in a little while I had almost forgotten that death was in the world. It was now really spring. We had watched the snow, day after day, as it melted and flowed down the mountain, till all was gone; and the little rill at the bottom of the garden

had swollen to a large stream. How lovely are the first days of spring! The air was soft and fragrant, and such pleasant sounds floated upon its wings. The old woods were growing green again, and soon I saw that there were dandelions and violets in the field. The time of the singing of birds had come, and there were robins, and whip-poor-wills, chirping swallows, meadow larks, blackbirds, and many others, which seemed to have come together to make the earth glad with their melody.

How pleasantly these little songsters ushered in each successive spring morning, with their varied music. And then, as the day advanced, other pleasures followed; for we had chickens, and goslings, and young lambs; and I was so happy when permitted to feed them, and see them gambol upon the soft green lawn, as if crowned with the bliss of newly tasted life, that it is still a joy for me to remember it.

Those of you, dear children, who have lived in the country amid these pleasant scenes, will readily understand why I so

loved them, and why I never tired of my daily walks.

Sometimes I went alone, to look for flowers and pin-cushions, (as I used to call the little beds of green moss,) but oftener my brother John went with me. Many curious things did we meet with in our rambles.

Little children, do you ever think what a kind and loving father God is, to provide so many delightful things for us, and to give us a capacity to enjoy them? Can we ever be thankful enough for his many gifts? When we look abroad upon his manifold works, and behold their harmony and order, it seems that there is, among them all, none but man that dares to disobey him. How strange, how sad a thing is it, that envy, malice, fraud, revenge, hatred, impurity, and murder, should have a home in such a beautiful world. No one, let him be placed in what situation he may, is destitute of some enjoyment, unless a course of sin has unfitted him for happiness.

Those of you who live in the city are

continually seeing something rare and beautiful. There are fairs, and museums, and gardens to amuse you, and you have many interesting books and pictures, and numberless curious playthings, that country children have not. But still, God is not partial, and the simple country child, with a cheerful heart, need never be at a loss for amusement. No; the little girl who serves her guests with mimic tea from her acorn shell cups, need not envy the one who has a service of china. Nay, rather let her ask herself, whose forming hand carved out those shells so elegantly, whose genial breath ripened the summer fruits, and clothed the vine with such broad and goodly leaves. The finest linen may not compare with the table-covering she plucks from it, nor could one shell like hers be made by all the curious workmen in China.

I have seen some childrén who were never pleased with any thing they have themselves, but are always coveting what others have. Do you think such children are happy? You will answer

No, I dare say; for you will perceive at once, that they break the tenth commandment, where God has expressly forbidden us to covet any thing that is our neighbour's. Others again are so filled with self-love, that they think themselves better than any one else, and that every thing they have is better than any thing which others have. This also is foolish and wicked.

God made us all, and though he has given wealth to some, and beauty to others, placed some in power, and others in subjection and poverty, he careth alike for all. He hears the prayers of the poor as well as of the rich, and has opened the way of salvation for the slave, as well as for his master; loving him best only, who serves him with the purest heart.

I have seen some little children, whose parents were rich, that really seemed to despise all that were poorer than themselves. I pity such children, for they show plainly that they are weak, silly, and unthankful. If God has given you riches, you should be ever grateful to

him for giving you power to relieve the wants of others, and to extend happiness to them. If you are disposed to slight or despise any one, let me advise you to wait till you meet with a person whom God did not create, and for whom Jesus Christ did not die, before you indulge in such a disposition. On the other hand, if you are poor and destitute, and feel like indulging in envy, or covetousness, when you see rich people enjoying luxuries and comforts which you cannot obtain; read the history of our Saviour's life and suffering. He was born in a stable. He grew up in obscurity and poverty, and laboured daily for his bread; and when he grew to be a man, he had neither house nor home. Are you poorer than he was? The bird of the air has her own warm nest, and the thieving fox a home of safety; but that blessed head, that was bowed upon the cross, for our redemption, had not a place to lay itself. I believe if you will but keep this in mind, you will neither feel envious nor discontented.

And now, my little friends, I will tell you something about

ANOTHER SABBATH WALK.

I have said that spring had come. It was a lovely morning truly, for the air was sweet and balmy, and when the sun arose, there was a host of little musicians loudly singing to make him welcome. When I awoke, I saw my father sitting by the window with his Bible in his hand. It was the Sabbath, and though I was delighted with the thought of breakfasting with him, (which was my Sabbath morning privilege,) I knew also that I must be very still. So I rose quietly, and we all breakfasted pleasantly together, and after we had done, my mother told me that I might go with her to the place of worship. This she esteemed a great privilege. I think I shall never forget that day.

Our way lay through wood and field, and both were teeming with life and beauty. The foliage of the trees was

not yet fully expanded, but the tiny leaves were so green and glossy, that when the yellow sunlight came streaming through them, it seemed like liquid gold, falling through a broken roof of emerald.

We walked leisurely along, talking as we went. Sometimes a singing bird would arrest our attention, and then my mother would make some remark, upon its notes of praise to its Creator. Then a butterfly would come sailing along on its coloured wings, and she would point to it as a beautiful emblem of the resurrection. Farther on, perchance, a honey bee would be poising upon some little blossoms. Then she would bid me note its cheerful industry, and to bear in mind, that it only extracted the sweet and wholesome qualities of the flowers.

A good example is furnished by this little insect, she would add, for little children to copy. For, in so doing, they would, in their habits of industry, be useful to their friends and to the world, happier themselves, and consequently escape the many and grievous temp-

tations to which idlers are exposed. And another wholesome lesson may be learned from the bee, to gather good from our associates, rather than evil. This is important for all little children to observe. The bee does not extract poison and bitterness from any plant, though perchance it may light on many that possess these qualities.

I could have passed this day, amid these pleasant sights and sounds, most willingly, but we soon reached the place of worship, where a new scene opened. The people seemed deeply engaged, when they were at prayer. And after their services were ended, many of them lingered and seemed unwilling to leave the place, and finally united in singing a favourite hymn. I was delighted with it all, and as we were going home I told my mother that I wanted to die then and go to heaven. This made her look very sorrowfully upon me, and she told me that I did not understand what I was saying.

We sat down upon a fallen tree in the edge of the wood, and talked a long time

upon this interesting subject. Among other things, I recollect her saying that she had often prayed to God to let me live until my heart should be changed by his Holy Spirit, and I should become a Christian. When I replied that I loved God and was a Christian already, she asked me how I should feel, and what I would do, when I reached home, if I should find that my brother had burnt up my doll, and torn down my play-house? I replied that I should hate him, and burn his kite and ball. She said that if I were truly a Christian I could not hate him, let him annoy and trouble me ever so much, not even if he should burn every plaything I had in the world.

I could not see how it was possible to love a person who delighted in teasing us and doing us harm.

Do any of you think so, my little friends? It is a sad and fearful mistake. Just hear what our Lord says: "Love your enemies. Bless them that curse you, and do good to them that despitefully use and persecute you." Then

look at the history of his own life. He was despised, mocked, railed at, and finally denied and betrayed and delivered up to death, by his own familiar friends and disciples. Did he seek revenge? Never.

What a blessed example to us is the history of his sufferings and death. Leaving heaven of his own free will, and taking to himself a mortal body,—going about doing good,—toiling daily,—giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and healing the sick;—sinless himself, yet bearing the curse of sin for others; and at last nailed to the cross, with the curse of God for our transgressions resting on his head, how did he die? He died in the act of PRAYING FOR THE VERY MEN WHO HAD NAILED HIM TO THE CROSS—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Think of this, dear children, often, and ask yourselves for whom he made this amazing sacrifice? Was it not to take away your sins and mine that he suffered thus? Surely it was for us, and for a sinful world, that he shed his most

precious blood; but do not let us think that he has taken away our sin, unless our lives in some way resemble his. And do not think, dear children, that simply going to church and Sabbath-school, or formally saying your prayers, can save you. You must be cleansed from sin by Christ's blood, and renewed by the Holy Spirit. Do you want to be cleansed and sanctified? Ask, and you shall receive. But to return.

As we passed along on our way, my dear mother seemed very solemn and full of thought. She pointed to the green leaves, and remarked that when we had passed that way the last time, the trees were brown and bare. I remembered it well, for it was the day on which Ahimaaz Waddell had been buried, and that put me in mind of what she had said touching the resurrection. She now asked me if I thought it required greater power to raise the dead, than it did to work such changes in the woods and fields. I knew not what to say, so I asked her how she knew that the dead would be raised again. She replied that

God had said they should be, and that it was impossible that any promise of his should not be fulfilled. And then she mentioned many which have been already fulfilled; such as the return of the seed-time and harvest, that the sun should shine, and that the rain should fall upon the just and the unjust, which we all know has been done year after year, ever since those promises were made. And then she spoke of the great promise that a Saviour should come into the world, and suffer and die, and be raised again the third day, which had all been fully accomplished.

We were a long while getting home, for, as I said before, the breath of spring had made all things beautiful. Above, below, and around, were a thousand objects that met our gaze, as with a smile. Greenness was upon the earth, and bright flowers of countless shapes and colours were blended with it. The red maple was in full bloom, and shedding fragrance on all around, and the soft blue sky above was painted with gorgeous clouds, deepening from beauty to

beauty. I looked upon them as they floated on in their majesty, ever changing their forms and hues. I asked my mother how God could make such a beautiful world.

"It is truly a beautiful world, my child," she replied, "but he has made another, more beautiful, where there is no sin, nor pain, nor death. I feel that it will not be long, before I shall go to inherit that blessed land; and then you will have no mother to tell you about the things pertaining to your eternal welfare. But if you love me, you will remember, when I am gone, the lessons I have taught you."

I could not bear to hear her speak of dying, but I said nothing further till we reached home. She seemed greatly fatigued, and I well remember finding her upon the bed, sometime in the afternoon, and begging to lie down beside her. She gave me permission, and I soon had my arms around her neck. I was very happy, for she talked to me so kindly, in those fond and gentle tones so peculiarly a mother's own, that it would have

been strange indeed if I could have felt otherwise.

She made me repeat the Lord's Prayer and some verses of a hymn, but my thoughts were wandering over the green woods and pleasant fields. I fancied that the bed smelt like the woods, and when I asked what made it, she put her hand under the pillow and pulled out a branch of the red maple that was full of flowers.

I was much surprised; for notwithstanding my walk, where I had breathed their odor, and seen their hues, I never dreamed that they were blossoms in reality. And when I expressed my surprise, she remarked that there was a great deal in this world to learn. That I might live till my eyes and ears were worn out, and yet know but a small part of what was to be known; but that if I was observing, I would probably learn something new and interesting every day, so long as I should live. She then showed me a little shell which she had picked up, and a tiny leaf of the Saracenia, or sidesaddle flower, which was

in shape somewhat like the bowl of a pipe. I called the leaf my little green pitcher. She bade me examine them closely, and see how curiously they were made, adding that the shell was a house that God had kindly provided for one of the most helpless of all his creatures. I thought it very curious.

There was a door or place for the owner to go in, but as I could find none for it to pass out, I was at a loss to know what it could do with itself. Then she explained its habits, how it carried its house from place to place at will, or left it, to seek food, or amusement, and how when it was pursued it hid away in its winding retreat, happy to escape danger; and that when the winds blew coldly, and the long rains fell, it lay snug and warm in its own little home. I had often picked little pitchers when in full size, and recollected too that I had always found water in them. My mother asked me who I supposed had put it there, but I could not tell her who had done so.

She then said that God, who made all

things, had caused it to be gathered there for some wise purpose, and as she had often seen little birds and insects alight upon their brims, when she was a child, she had called them the *Birds' Wells*.

As it drew near the sunsetting, the air became oppressive, and a dull hue overspread the skies. A black cloud was gathering in the west. At first it seemed to rest upon the earth, and then by degrees it began to spread outward, and upward, until the whole visible heaven was covered. It was quite dark. The little birds had gone to their nests for shelter, and the young goslings and chickens were gathered under their mothers' wings, when the sound of a violent storm came rumbling through the woods. A pale soft light would flash along the horizon at times, then vanishing into the clouds it would hide away in their thick folds, as if seeking its own amusement. I stood by the window for some time, and watched the returning gleams with great interest, for I loved the storm from my cradle, and as it grew nearer, it became truly grand

and beautiful. I became at length almost wild with delight as the broad flashes broke forth from the four corners of the heavens at once, and then as suddenly withdrew their brightness, leaving the very blackness of darkness where their glory had glowed thus terribly. And when the deep-toned thunder came over the mountains, and rolled and died away in the distance, I should have clapped my hands in ecstasy, but that I was impressed with the belief that the thunder was nothing less than the voice of God. Then when the storm came on in its full strength, when the thunder literally shook the earth, and the lightning streamed down the skies like liquid fire, in all directions, I gladly climbed upon my mother's lap, and silently hid my face in her bosom.

She inquired kindly if I was afraid of the lightning, and I told her I never felt afraid of any thing when I was with her. When the storm had ceased, she sang a hymn about the day of judgment, and conversed upon the subject for some time. I remember a part of her

conversation, which was particularly addressed to myself.

"My dear child," said she, "you have seen God's power displayed this evening in the clouds, but bear in mind that you will yet witness a more fearful display of his power, when Christ shall come to judge the world. Yes, we shall then see the mountains melt, and the seas consumed by fire, and the beautiful sun, and the moon you so love to look upon now, will be destroyed. For Christ will come to judge the world. Holy angels will come with him in the clouds, and great glory will attend him. A trumpet will be sounded, and the dead shall hear it in their graves. Every man and every woman, whose body is now resting in the earth, or in the sea, and every little child that has breathed, and died, will stand, in his own body, before him, to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. Ever keep this day in mind, and remember that you too will be one of that number; and that to all who live in sin and die impenitent, He will say: 'De-

part from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.' What an awful sentence! But to all who truly repent and believe on him with their whole heart, he will then say: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.' What a blessed hope! Of all who fear and serve him in this our mortal life, not one will be lost. Nay, they will rest upon him in safety and in peace, when this world and all things in it shall be wrapt in flames."

I cannot tell you all she said; but I know that she tried to make me feel that I was a sinner, and that I must not wait till I was a woman, before I gave my heart to God, and that none but those who love and serve him are truly happy in this life. This she again bade me remember, when she should be taken from my sight.

The storm was now entirely over, and the full moon, from the clear blue sky, shone brightly over us. The rain-drops glittered in the light like a shower of diamonds, and the air, purified by the

storm, was refreshingly sweet. The whip-poor-wills began to sing in the wood, as if rejoicing at the calm sweet beauty of the evening, but I was wearied with the day's excitement; so I kneeled beside my mother, and said my prayers, and when she had kissed me twice, she laid me down to sleep.

Of the first Sabbath following this, I have but a faint and confused remembrance; but when the second came, my poor mother was lying among the green graves in the church-yard! I cannot tell you how lonely and desolate I then felt, or how my young bruised heart clung to my poor father, for oh it is a sad, sad memory.

But another week passed on, and a bright sun rose upon a holy Sabbath morning, and when its yellow light fell o'er a waking world, it rested on another grave. It was longer and broader, but it lay close beside my mother's. And

then, dear children, I had neither father nor mother in the wide world! I WAS AN ORPHAN. Night followed night, and day came after day, but when I kneeled beside my desolate bed, no gentle hand was laid upon my brow, and my mother's voice came not again to prompt the prayers she had taught me.

Long years rolled on, and other spring-times came, with fields as green and flowers as beautiful, but I had no mother's hand to point out their hidden beauties, nor her sweet voice to help me trace God's handiwork in them all. And though I still loved to cull the sweetest and the fairest, I did so with a lessened delight, for when I had gathered my treasures, I had no father nor mother to smile upon my gift, or to tell me it was beautiful.

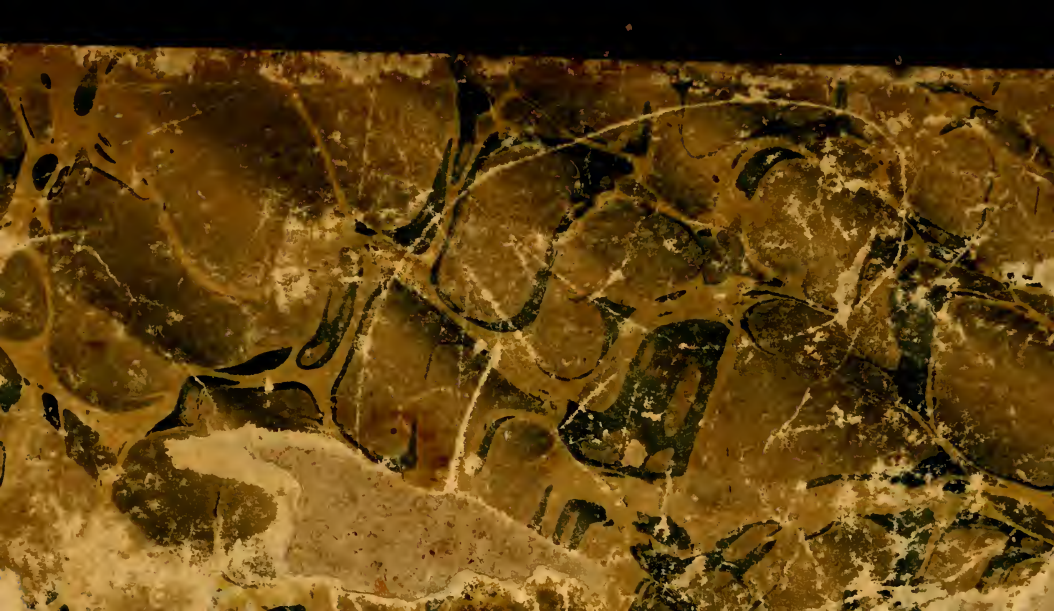
And here, dear children, I must again urge you to honour and obey your parents. God loves obedient children,

and will reward such as respect the aged. Holy angels watch over their slumbers, and peace dwells with them. Good men approve their conduct, and younger children will copy their example. On the other hand, God has threatened the most fearful judgments against the wilful and disobedient. The eye that mocketh at his father, and scorneth to obey the law of his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it. These are his very words. Bear them in mind, and remember that your parents too may be taken from you. Be careful that then the memory of them is not painful to you in your orphanage. If you have been wilfully disobedient, or have given them pain by hardship or neglect, how will you feel when you follow them to the grave? Sorrow then will avail you nothing, for though you may repent bitterly and with tears, you can never recall an unkind action, or atone for one ungentle word. You may call upon them to forgive you, but there will come no voice of pardon

from the grave, and to God, who has commanded you to honour and obey them, you must answer for your sin.

And here let me entreat you to be ever affectionate to your brothers and sisters, and other kindred. It is truly a great blessing to have kind relatives to live with, and no one knows how bitter a thing it is to be parted from those we love, and to live with strangers always, until God has placed us in such circumstances. I could tell you of the many hours of loneliness which I spent in my own childhood, so dreary and so desolate, that I have often wished myself in the grave with my departed parents; and many a time, when I have seen my schoolmates welcomed with kisses by their parents, I have turned away to weep in silence and in bitterness of spirit, that my own sad heart had no joy like that in the whole world. But I have not the time now, and if I had I do not know that it would be right to do so. God knew what was best for me, and he never afflicts us without good reasons. If

he takes away our earthly enjoyments, it is to induce us to seek for joys that never perish. He has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and for one I can say I have found his promise true. For though my parents died, and my brothers and sisters were scattered abroad in the earth, to be gathered at one hearth no more; I found kindness in the hearts of strangers, and have never been without some friend to tell me of my errors, and to help me to correct or avoid them.

And now, dear children, I must bid you adieu. At some future time perhaps I may tell you something about my scholars. I have had a great many,—more than a thousand I do believe,—some very good, and some that I could wish had been better. Some I have had that seemed to love me very much, and many that I loved dearly. Some of them have grown to manhood, and some I trust are in heaven. I love to call them to mind, and live the pleasant past times over, and I often dream that they are with me, and fancy that I am listen-

ing to their ringing laughter when the night is still and the moon dim. It is a sweet delusion that makes me happier, and when next we meet, I hope to tell you something that will make you love them too.